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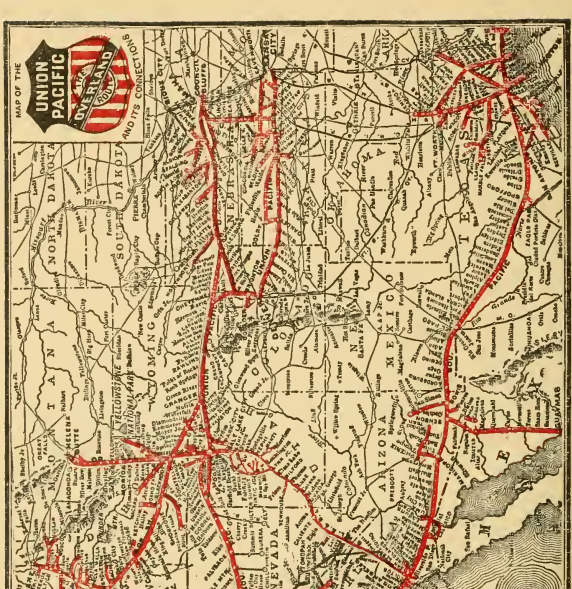
Just Twenty Years Ago



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OMAHA, NEB.

TO THE

ANNUAL CONFERENCE

AT

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

WHERE THE PACIFIC COAST WAS FOR
THE FIRST TIME REPRESENTED
BY DELEGATE

Just Twenty Years Ago

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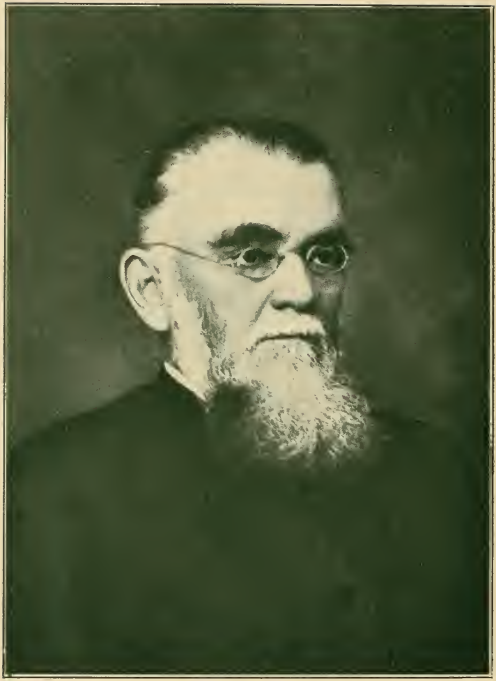


D. L. Miller.

Mrs. D. L. Miller

PREFACE

This is not an attempt at the biography of a man; neither is it the history of a church or a group of churches. No, it is an interesting compilation of facts and figures, a pleasant reminder of the period that passed us some twenty years ago, and a conservative, yet comprehensive view of conditions as they exist to-day.

The tabulated list of churches found herein, shows to the thoughtful reader the wonderful amount of real missionary work done in the West within the last two decades. It is the impossible that is always being accomplished, in a way. Who thought twenty years ago, when the conference was at Harrisonburg, that churches of the Brethren would line the Pacific Coast from one end to the other in so short a time? Could this have been accomplished on the regular plan of individual missionary work?

Does it pay? Answer this for yourself after you have studied the table. **Missionary work by colonization does more permanent, stable work and does it quicker than any other form of mission work.** It relieves congested centers in the East, and carries the workers to a new field where each becomes a factor responsible, rather than sitting

at ease in Zion. This may be partly why the growth of the West has been so rapid.

These extracts from the *Gospel Messenger,* and the *Missionary Visitor,* are authority on the exact conditions to-day as to statistics, location, stage of development, etc., without special embellishment but unvarnished as they exist.

AN APPRECIATION

In a very humble abode—the basement of the flouring mills—on the banks of the Conococheague, a few miles out from Hagerstown, Washington County, Maryland, on the 5th day of October, 1841, Daniel Long Miller was born. Had the father "shut down" the grinding in honor of his first born by his second wife? If so, at the most it was but for a short time; for by the careful, faithful and conscientious attention to his milling, Abram Miller had not only earned to himself a good reputation, but some means. The water from the mill pond at least did not stop dashing over the wheel, and the man of great activity all through life had the first lessons of movement and stir drilled into him while yet in the cradle.

His Birthday

Daniel is the first of thirteen children, five of whom died in infancy or early youth, and the remaining eight lived to maturity. Of the seven brothers, six have been active church officials in the Brethren church. Such is the impress of godliness made, perhaps, more especially by the mother, Catherine Long Miller, upon her children.

Daniel grew just like all boys grow. First he played about the mill; when older, in summer time, he went swimming, fished along the creek and had the good time of a boy living in one of

those beauty spots of rural life rarely excelled anywhere. In winter, when not at work, a good skate or hunt was much enjoyed. Schooling was a rather rare thing those days and Daniel's country school training was meagre enough. In all about six successive years of four months' subscription school and one term of district school was the sum total of educational advantages till he reached twenty-one. Instead, it was the father's farm during summer time, and the father's mill during the winter.

An unusual love for reading prompted Daniel from his youth to carefully study the few books that came within his reach. He did not neglect the Bible among them, for in childhood he used to look at the pictures and read the story part. This love for the religious story never departed from him. Perhaps he has read Pilgrim's Progress, that wonderful story of Christian life, as many as twenty-five times.

When twenty years old he went "far West"—to the vicinity of Mt. Morris, Illinois—with his Grandfather Long and Uncle Dan Zellers. He made several trips back and forth, when at last he made Illinois his home. On one of these return trips East—February 22, 1863—he was received into the Brethren church by baptism. This was the beginning of a new life to him. He turned his attention to preparing to teach country school; taught two terms near Hagerstown, Md.

An Emigrant to the Far West

and was planning to enter Miller's Normal School to prepare for teaching as a life work. Financial failure on the part of a firm for which he worked, and through which he himself lost all his accumulated earnings, changed his plans.

At about this time he met Miss Elizabeth Talley, in Philadelphia, and some time after—February 6, 1868—they were united in marriage. Daniel had already established himself in mercantile lines in Polo, Illinois, and there they began life on a very small scale. Fortune smiled on them. Yes, that fortune that comes from long hours in the store and the strictest economy. It smiled and they were doing well. But one day it frowned, and the man with a good start in business, was worth less than nothing.

His Marriage

Not being daunted by this sore experience, Daniel buckled to the fray in new lines, and again fortune smiled on him. From the sale of butter and eggs to the larger business of a grocer he prospered and added to his capital, year by year.

During this period he was not negligent of growth in grace. They lived in town; the Brethren church was in the country some six miles distant. And few, comparatively, were the Sundays they were not found in their places. But that was not enough. Teaching in the Methodist Sunday school, active in the village prayer meetings, and through other similar avenues, did he develop Christian character.

The village honored him with the position of town clerk. It was the days of emigration to the still farther West—Kansas. Daniel was an agent who helped to make the first settlements in Reno County, Kansas, in the days when it was said the land was a desert and the settlers could not only raise nothing but would perhaps starve to death before they could get to food. He enjoyed the unenviable reputation and severe criticisms of an immigration agent who was sending colonists into a land that made little promise to be as good as Kansas now is.

A Colonization Agent

In 1873 his mother died. She had sat down to write him a letter, had finished two pages when she was called to entertain some company and before she returned to the letter, God called her. Years after Daniel came across this letter. In the days of his ripe manhood, thus in part he wrote about her last letter: "Only an old, tear-stained letter with its message of love from a mother heart, as pure as the breath of angels and as unselfish as aught human can be. I have read it over again and again today, as I enter upon the sixty-second year of my earthly pilgrimage; and, as I read, how the memories of the years gone forever come thronging and trooping before me. The dear old home, the happy days of childhood, before dull, corroding care touched the heart and seamed the face, when the shadows flitted quickly and all joyous years were full of sunshine

His Mother's Letter

and childish happiness, when I laid my weary head upon the pillow made by God and cried when I was taken away from it, and cried again when it was taken away from me, cried and would not be comforted because there had gone out of my life its chief center."

In 1879, after much deliberation, D. L. Miller, as he was then becoming to be familiarly known in Northern Illinois, decided to sell his business in Polo and accept an invitation from M. S. Newcomer to be business manager of Mt. Morris College, just recently purchased by the latter. He, of course, brought with him the business methods and thoroughness that insured success wherever he applied himself. He revealed at Mt. Morris his ability in handling men. For in his new position he was loved by both teacher and student. After helping to get the institution on a good foundation, he planned his first trip abroad, going to Germany, in main to study language and better prepare himself for the position he was now occupying. The year before this, 1882, however, he joined partnership with Joseph Amick of Indiana in the publishing interests of the *Brethren at Work* and at the time greatly embarrassed financially. In 1883 he was elected President of the Board of Trustees, which office he later accepted and has held till this day. In the same year he and his wife sailed for Europe and extended their trip to Palestine. He wrote for

A College Trustee

the *Messenger* and these articles became the basis of that first and perhaps best book of his, "Europe and Bible Lands." They visited Denmark, Sweden, and in Germany spent considerable time at the University of Halle. Later they went to Palestine and toured the Holy Land riding twenty-one days on horseback.

Upon his return, in 1884, he was elected a member of the first General Missionary Committee, and by it made secretary and treasurer. He has served on this committee continuously to this day.

This was the beginning of general missions for the Brethren. If the total contributions of a day reached as much as $100 it made more stir in Mt. Morris through D. L.'s telling it with joy, than a hundred times that amount now does.

Editor of *Gospel Messenger*

Years were filled with many important events from now on. In 1885 he was appointed office editor of the *Messenger;* elected to the deacon's office, and chosen superintendent of the Silver Creek Sunday School. In 1887 he was called to the ministry and the year following ordained to the eldership. During these years he kept steadily in the editorial chair and his writings did much to unify the church and raise her ideals.

He longed for another trip abroad, and securing J. H. Moore to take his place as office editor of the *Messenger,* he planned a trip to Europe to include Egypt and Palestine. Sister Miller's

health became such on the journey that they returned after visiting the churches in Europe.

In 1891 he represented northern Illinois on Standing Committee for the first time, and was chosen writing clerk, which position he has filled five times. He has been moderator twice.

With the return from the tour through Europe and Egypt 1892-3 D. L. took up lecturing, giving his entire time to Bible-land talks; 1895 found him and his wife starting on their first trip around the world. In 1896 he made a proposition in which, by giving, on the annuity plan, nearly two-fifths of the capital stock of the Brethren Publishing Co. this business was secured for the church and taken over by the General Missionary Committee, April 1, 1897.

A Lecturer

It pleased the Lord not to give them children after the flesh, but the following are the children of his mind and heart—books that have done much for the development of the church:

"Europe and Bible Lands."
"Wanderings in Bible Lands."
"Seven Churches of Asia."
"Girdling the Globe."
"Eternal Verities."
"The Other Half of the Globe."

An Author

Sister Miller also wrote "Letters to the Young."

But of all the blessings which the Father has bestowed upon His people through D. L., no one is more appreciated than that he is still living and

by letters and other avenues open to him is lending help wherever he can. His one great prayer in later years is that there be no root of division ever grow up among God's people. For this he works faithfully. He has tried to make his life one used of God, and while he has his weaknesses as other men, yet it may justly be said that few have excelled him in faithfulness, fairness to all, and devotion to the church of his youth and her God.

STATISTICS

(From "The Missionary Visitor")

If any one is in doubt about the good results of spreading the Gospel through colonization just let him study the table of the growth of the church by congregations as given in the following list of frontier states and states districts:

	1889	1899	1909
Washington	None	5	13
Oregon,	6	6	9
Idaho	None	4	9
Northern California	None	None	8
Southern California,	2	8	13
North Dakota	?	11	23
Total	8	34	75

Some pessimist may say that this has been done to the detriment of the older churches. There may be instances, too, where this is true, but in such places the fault rested with the congregation and not the colonists. Had the former shown proper courage and determination emigrants would be a blessing to those behind in bringing out latent talent and putting it to work. The blessing to the colonists cannot be measured.

The list of churches above is according to the minutes of the respective districts as near as can be ascertained by files in the office of the General Mission Board.

Names of churches in California, Oregon, Idaho and Washington at the time of the Annual Meeting at Harrisonburg, Virginia, in 1889.

WASHINGTON	OREGON	IDAHO	NORTH CALIFORNIA	SOUTH CALIFORNIA
None	Salem Coquille Rogue River Lebanon Powells Valley Mohawn Valley	None	None	Covina Conejo

At the time of Annual Meeting at Roanoke, Virginia, in 1899.

Spokane Oysterville Stiverson Centralia Sunnyside	Salem Coquille Rogue River Lebanon Powells Valley Mohawk Valley	Moscow Nampa Nez Perce Grafton	None	Egan Colton Dos Palos Glendale, Ariz. Los Angeles Inglewood Lordsburg Covina

At the time of Annual Meeting at Harrisonburg, Virginia, in 1909.

Centralia	Ashland	Clearwater	Butte Valley	Covina
Myers Creek	Coquille	Idaho Falls	Fruitvale	Egan
North Yakima	Lebanon	*Moscow	Oak Grove	Glendora
*Oysterville	Mohawk Valley	Nampa	Reedley	Glendale
Spokane	Newberg	Nez Perce	Sacramento Valley	Inglewood
Stiverson	Portland	Payette	Stanislaus	Los Angeles
Sunnyside	Rogue River	Weiser	Raisin City	Lordsburg
Wenatchee	Weston	Boise Valley	Chico	Long Beach
Tekoa	*Powells Valley	Twin Falls		Pasadena
East Wenatchee		*Grafton		Pomona
Seattle				South Los Angeles
Olympia				Santa Ana
Mt. Hope				Tropico

* Possibly disorganized.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

By D. L. Miller
(In "Gospel Messenger")

THE Doctor said, in answer to an inquiry, "Yes! a trip to California may be helpful to you. Go and settle down in a quiet, restful place, spend the winter outdoors, in the sunshine, among the flowers, and it will do you good." An Oriental proverb says, "The wise man first finds out the kind of advice his friends want and acts accordingly." A good rule if you want your advice taken, but not up to the standard of Christian ethics. The Doctor's advice was in accord with our desires, therefore easy to take. Result, this writing finds us quietly resting in the beautiful college town of Lordsburg, California, in the land of sunshine and flowers.

Chrysanthemums in January

And the sunshine and flowers are here. Our generous hostess, Sister Thomas Keiser, has just brought in a great handful of large, beautiful chrysanthemums, such as Eastern florists sell at this season of the year at two dollars per dozen, and in the dooryards about here hundreds of them are in full bloom. And the roses and sweet violets, and the carnations and geraniums, are doing their

best in vying with each other in beauty of color and sweetness of fragrance. Then, too, the orange groves are laden with a great burden of fruit, already taking on the color of gold, and soon pickers and packers will be busy getting the fruit ready for the market. Also, the days, and days, of bright, warm sunshine are here, and it all seems like a fairy land, when compared with the pitiless ice and snow of the Northwest.

It is said that the world is smaller now than it used to be. Perhaps it were nearer the truth to say that we have learned the secret of annihilating distances, and have brought remote places closer together, in point of time. Some of our readers will easily remember when the journey from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast took from four to six months of weary ox team work, and of watchfulness against hostile Indians. Now you may take the Los Angeles Limited in Chicago, via the North-Western, Union Pacific, and San Pedro railways, and in seventy-two hours reach Los Angeles. These seventy-two hours you may spend in a first-class hotel on wheels, passing over as fine a roadbed as is to be found in the country. You have a comfortable bed, a library and reading room, with all the latest papers and best magazines, your meals served regularly; or, if you prefer, you may enjoy the luxury of a well-filled lunch basket *en route*. And this run is not exceptional. Every day in the week, and every week in the year, one of

Hotel on Wheels

these limited trains arrives in Los Angeles on time, no unavoidable delay preventing.

Kindly indulge me in a bit of prophecy: Within the experience of many who are now living, Chicago and Los Angeles will be less than fifteen hours apart. Then the air-ship, now in its first stage of crude development, will have been brought to a high degree of perfection. Then will the great aero-motor navigate the air, crossing the continent as the crow flies, from New York to San Francisco, in twenty hours or less. Passengers will be carried with greater safety and more comfort than now. There will be first and second class berths and a dining room for the one or two meals necessary on the trip. One may then eat an early breakfast in Chicago and a late supper in Los Angeles, making the entire trip by daylight.

A Bit of Prophecy

If you are in doubt as to the coming of the air-ship of the future, call to mind how, fifty years ago, the horseless carriage was thought to be the wildest fancy of a disordered brain, and how, nowadays, a record of seventy miles an hour is not an unusual thing for our best automobiles. Then look over the Congressional Record, and read the speeches, made by eminent statesmen, when the Union Pacific Railway bill was under consideration, who said it would be impossible to build an engine powerful enough to carry water and coal, in sufficient quantity, to run it across

the Great American Desert. Also call to memory how, when Fulton was applying steam to navigation, an English statesman of renown said, ironically, that he would agree to eat the first engine that propelled a boat across the Atlantic.

The last half of the nineteenth century witnessed wonderful discoveries, and all these are to be surpassed in the first half of the twentieth. We are on the threshold of some of the most important discoveries the world has known.

And what remarkable changes in railways have taken place in the last half century! Then the first line across the continent—the Union Pacific —had just been opened and it belonged to the Rough Rider class of roads. Now there are half a dozen or more transcontinental lines, and more are building, and you will find no better roadbed in the country.

No Longer a Rough Rider

When the first road was constructed, engineers and builders sought the line of least resistance. Great curves were made to avoid tunnels, cuts and fills, and the line materially lengthened. And little wonder, for Uncle Sam generously aided the company to the extent of twenty thousand dollars per mile—a sum in excess of the cost of that part of the road laid across level plains, and through the great valleys. So the curves were made, the cost of construction lessened and the miles of road increased. In these modern days of railway combinations more money has

Multiplied Millions

been spent in taking out the curves, and in the betterment of the line, than was spent in its building.

The Great Salt Lake Cut-off is a striking example of improvement. When the road was built, the track was laid around the end of the lake. A few years ago Mr. Harriman determined to run the line across the lake, and this great feat of

Going to Sea by Rail

engineering has been accomplished at a cost of multiplied millions of dollars, and now, in going to San Francisco, you cross the lake and save an hour or more in time. So the curves have been

taken out of the old roadbed, tunnels have been bored through hills and mountains, deep cuts opened, valleys filled and the line made shorter and better.

Chicago to Los Angeles in Three Days

But to reach Los Angeles from Salt Lake, one had to make the trip to San Francisco, a distance of eight hundred miles, and then travel south five hundred miles, before reaching this city in the land of sunshine and flowers. This distance of five hundred miles has been cut out and a road has been built from Salt Lake to Los Angeles, following a valley of easy grades and slight curves, thus making it possible to reach Los Angeles from Chicago in three days by this route.

It is popular, these days, to berate the railroads and to belittle the good they have done. The writer believes in giving them full credit for what they have accomplished in opening up and developing the country. Without the aid of the roads, the American Desert would be a desert still, and our Great Western Empire, undeveloped, would be the home of the buffalo and the savage. **Honor to whom honor is due,** and a square deal and just treatment to all alike, is what is asked for, and every just and righteous man will accord this. If wrongs have been done in the past, let these be righted, as far as possible, and the avenues for wrongdoing be carefully guarded in the future, but do not let us fall in with the clamor

against one of the greatest factors in the development of our country.

Our colored porter on the sleeper was, in a way, a character worth studying. It was noticed that he spoke the English language fluently and correctly. One would have taken him for an educated man anywhere. Upon inquiry we learned that he was born in British New Guinea. When a lad he was taken into the home of a good missionary. These people educated him and he lived with the family until it was broken up by death. He lived in Africa and in India, where he learned to speak Hindustanee. Later he came with the missionaries to Europe, where his benefactor died. He then found his way to Chicago, where he graduated from the Illinois Dental College, working his way through the school. He is now serving as a porter, in order to secure money to open a dental office among his own people. Here is an illustration of what the genuine colored man can do if given an opportunity.

A Contrast of Color and Caste

And, by contrast, here is what white men may become by choice, if they follow the ways of sin. At Barstow, our train stopped in the early morning to take water and fuel. A half dozen tramps, who had been riding all night on the rods and bars underneath the cars, crawled out from their perilous riding places, and a harder looking lot of human beings one seldom sees in this world. The night had been cold with frost and

snow, their clothing was covered with frost crystals and when they came out of their uncomfortable quarters, they were so cramped and stiffened with cold that they were scarcely able to walk. One felt, at the first, inclined to pity these young men, but then they are tramps from choice, and choose this life rather than a life of honesty and of helpful service, so that one feels they are only getting what they bargain for. The educated colored man, working as a porter inside the car, is far in advance of the white tramp, stealing a ride on the railway, and stealing his living and more.

At this writing we are at Lordsburg, California. The Bible Term is in session now and we are having interesting meetings. Yesterday, Lord's Day, Bro. James Gilbert preached in the morning, and Bro. E. T. Keiser in the evening. After the evening services two came forward, determining to leave the world and its allurements, and to unite with the people of God.

Vegetables in Mid-Winter

These beautiful, restful days pass away so quickly that we can not realize that winter is over, and now, the last of the first month of the year, we are in the midst of garden making. The ground is being prepared, and peas, radishes, lettuce and the hardier vegetables are being planted. The much-needed rains came. Last year it was very dry in the Golden State, and it was a pleasure

to see the water come down. There was no wind and the generous bounty of heaven fell upon the earth gently, soaking the dry ground and assuring plenteous crops. Already the rainfall at Lordsburg is above the average and more will come later in the season.

And now the valley and hills, south of us, are putting on their spring robe of verdure, the mocking birds are making the air ring with their

Union Pacific Main Line near Kearney, Nebraska, showing Sherman Gravel Ballast and Block Signals.

polyglot songs, and the sweet violets, at their best, are scenting the air with delicate perfume. In the north the rain turned to snow, on the mountain range, and "Old Baldy" and the twin Cucamonga Peaks are covered with mantles of white.

Snow there, only a few miles away, and here the orange groves are laden with a great burden of golden fruit, ready in tempting juiciness and sweetness for the eastern markets.

These days, when the sun shines, in all his splendor, his rays fall on mountain and peak, and they glisten and sparkle like masses of burnished silver, set with millions of diamonds. The other evening we were called out to see the beauties of the setting sun. The western sky was all glorious with God's most beautiful colors, and in a most impressive way the heavens declared the glory of God. The afterglow of the departing god of day painted the silver crest of mountain peak in crimson and gold, and it was a sight once seen never to be forgotten. Surely those who live amid such surroundings ought to lead better lives and come closer to God than the denizens of the crowded city.

Nature's Handiwork

But it is not my purpose to write only of the beautiful scenery of this favored land. It is all fascinating enough, but there are other items of interest for our readers and we turn to these.

Recently we enjoyed several meetings and a love feast with the members of the East Los Angeles church. Elder S. G. Lehmer is in charge and the organization maintains two City Missions, one known as the Channing Street Mission and the other as the Santa Fe Mission. At present, as in the past, good work has been and is being

done. The love feast was largely attended, all available space in the churchhouse being filled. The feast was an enjoyable one, and a deep feeling of spirituality pervaded the meeting. The absence of Elders Stephen Yoder and Peter S. Myers brought vividly to mind that death called away these two veterans of the cross since we last met with the church at this place. The several services we had the privilege of attending showed good interest in the work, as was manifest by the large and appreciative audiences present. A prosperous Sunday school adds interest to the church work.

Growth in Los Angeles

Within the last few years a new organization has been effected in the city, known as the South Los Angeles church, with an aggressive membership of about one hundred, and with the largest Brethren Sunday school, I am told, in the state. Brother and Sister William Wertenbaker are in pastoral charge of the work, with Brother William Trostle as elder. They are doing a good work, and the Lord is blessing their efforts. Among the membership are found many who were baptized during a series of meetings held in the city five years ago.

While in the city we attended one session of the Berean Bible School held in the East Los Angeles church. Brother M. M. Eshelman is in charge, assisted by Sisters Lehmer and Hollinger. Sister Lehmer is a Mount Morris student and will be remembered by many as an earnest,

Berean School

spiritually-minded Christian. Sister Hollinger is from our old home church, Broadfording, Maryland, and it seemed good to meet one from the old home, although the difference in age is that of grandparent to grandchild. There were twenty-two students present and they were earnest in their endeavor to become better acquainted with the Book of God. Once a week a session is held at Tropico and another at the Santa Fé Mission.

Twenty Years Ago

A score of years ago we visited Covina for the first time. A church had just been organized—the first Brethren church in the State—a new house of worship was being built, and there was not a Brethren Sunday school in the State. Now there are two State Districts, a large number of Sunday schools, and a total membership of not far from fifteen hundred. At Covina there is a large congregation, a flourishing Sunday school and an aggressive Christian Workers' organization. Brother George Chemberlen, one of our regular contributors, is elder in charge of the church, and is assisted in the work by Brethren David J. Overholtzer and A. M. White. Brother White is attending the Berean Bible School. At present Brother Moses Deardorf is holding a series of meetings at Covina.

Lordsburg, like all our school churches, is blessed with a large number of ministers. Active and inactive, there are sixteen on the list, nine of

whom are elders. A large number of ministers in a church is not always an unmixed blessing, especially when a few try to monopolize the work. Here the preaching and the work in general are so divided that each one knows his work and does it. There is no clashing, and all work together in peace. As a result the Brethren have the largest membership—about two hun-

Lords-burg

Monument to Brigham Young and Pioneers of 1847
Salt Lake City, Utah

dred—in the place. The services are largely attended. A live Sunday school, a Christian Workers' meeting and a weekly prayer meeting give all who are inclined an opportunity to work for Christ and the church.

Temporally, this part of the State is enjoying a season of great prosperity. Covina and Lordsburg are in the center of the orange district, and

the groves are among the best in the country, rivaling even the famous Riverside orchards. Ten years ago raw land sold here at about a hundred dollars an acre. The same land, planted at that time in oranges, is selling as high as two thousand dollars an acre. A brother at Covina sold his ten-acre grove for twenty thousand dollars, and the purchaser sold seven thousand dollars' worth of fruit from it in one year. Near Lordsburg, an eighteen-acre grove, without buildings, sold a few weeks ago for thirty-six thousand dollars. These prices seem startling enough to the "tenderfoot" from the East, but they are the usual thing here.

One Hundred Dollars to Two Thousand Dollars in Ten Years

A score of years ago Brother George L. McDonaugh, so well and favorably known among our people, took an active part in the colonization of this locality. Not all who came were pleased with the country and many discouraging reports were brought to the East from this locality, and some were severe in their criticisms. Those who invested and remained, are now enjoying the fruits of their labors. *Moral: Never be too hasty in condemning a new country. The spies sent over to Canaan made that mistake. Not all who came prospered, but those who bought land, planted oranges, worked with their hands, and took care of what they had, have prospered beyond their most sanguine expectations.* The hope is expressed that, while they have prospered in adding to their store of

Moral

earthly goods, they may also have prospered in spiritual things, for the earthly perishes with the using, but the spiritual and the unseen endure forever.

No one can say, "I have seen California," unless he has traveled over and examined the resources of the San Joaquin Valley, the largest of all the large valleys in the State. It lies between the towering ranges of the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the east, and the Coast Range on the west, and extends south from the Siskiyous to Tehachapi, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. The average width of the valley is about sixty miles. It has an area of thirty-four thousand square miles, is more than one-third the size of Italy, and out of its area you might carve the states of New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Maryland, and have territory enough left for another little Rhode Island.

San Joaquin Valley

Given plenty of water and good drainage—for in irrigation you must not only have plenty of water but the drainage to get rid of it after the using—the land of the valley is, for the most part, very fertile. Alkali is found in spots, all over the valley, but, where there is drainage, this is soon cleared out. Flowing across the San Joaquin Valley are five rivers, fed from the snows of the Sierras, affording abundant water for irrigation. Where this is not available, water is secured by putting down wells and pumping it to the surface with windmills and gasoline engines.

Grain of all kinds is grown, and the valley is the home of the deciduous fruits. Oranges and lemons of fine quality are grown, and the vine produces the finest clusters of luscious grapes to be found in the world. In Fresno County, over five million dollars worth of raisins are produced annually. Two tons and a half of raisins are produced to the acre of vineyard and they are of the finest quality. They bring to the owner an average price of about three and a half cents per pound, giving a good return for labor and money invested. Alfalfa grows luxuriantly, and dairying is an important industry. The flowers furnish honey for the bees, and the valley may be said to flow with milk and honey.

$5,000,000 Worth of Raisins

The climate is mild and, for the midsummer months, dry and hot. The rains occur in winter, and then there is a good deal of cloudy and foggy weather. The mercury falls as low as twenty-five degrees in winter, and mounts up to one hundred and fifteen in summer. The heat is dry, and those who live here say it is not as hard to bear as the humid heat in the East, when the mercury lingers near the 100 degree mark. This dry heat and intense sunshine fills the cells of the fruit with much sugar, and makes raisin growing possible. The grape has such an abundance of sugar in its cells that the great clusters are cut from the branches, laid on trays in the vineyard, dried in the hot sun, put in boxes and taken to the packing

Fruitful Fruits

houses, where they are packed and shipped to all parts of the country. Peaches, nectarines, apricots, and other fruits, are dried in the open air, and thousands of tons from the San Joaquin Valley find their way annually to all the markets of this country. There are millions of peach trees in the valley, and these were just coming into full bloom as we passed through. It was a most beautiful sight and reminded one of the cherry blossom season in Japan.

Eld. D. L. Miller and Wife used a Japanese Jinrikisha to see the Beauties of Japan while on Their Tour Around the World

Churches of Northern California

Years ago a number of our Brethren, pioneers on the Coast, settled in the San Joaquin Valley. At Stockton, Lathrop, and in the vicinity of Modesto, they lived and organized the Stanislaus church—one among the first in the State. In later years this church became weakened and now there are but three members of that organization in that part of the valley. We now have churches at Princeton, Chico and Bangor, in the Sacramento Valley, Laton, Raisin City and Reedley, in the San Joaquin Valley, and, north of the Siskiyous, the Butte Valley church in Butte Valley.

Chico and Butte Valley

We visited three of these churches and would gladly have visited all of them, if our health had been what it once was. Especially did we desire to go to Chico, where Brother Hiram Forney labors, and to the Butte Valley church, under the care of Elder H. F. Maust. These visits, if made at all, will be enjoyed in the future. We name the three visited in the order in which we were with them.

The Raisin City church was organized one year ago and has a membership of forty-five, an active ministry, a live Sunday school and a well-organized Christian Workers' society. Brother Harvey Eikenberry, formerly of Greene, Iowa, is elder in charge, and has, for his co-laborers in the ministry, Elders Levi Whistler and D. H. Weaver. A large schoolhouse has been built and the largest room is being used for preaching and other services.

A meeting-house is to be built, ground for which has been donated in the town by Brother J. S. Kuns. For the present the schoolroom affords ample accommodations. Raisin City is fourteen miles from Fresno and the water for irrigation is pumped from old Mother Earth, and they tell me the supply is inexhaustible. Our Brethren are putting up substantial buildings, and express themselves as being well pleased and satisfied with their prospects for the future. Land is selling at from forty to eighty dollars an acre.

Raisin City

At Raisin City our well-beloved and faithful brother, Elder A. W. Vaniman, closed his earthly labors and went home to rest. He was the first of our ministers to locate at the place, and, had his life been spared, would have taken an active part in the work of building up the church. His body lies in the only grave in the new cemetery, but the city of the dead will grow as well as the city of the living.

Southeast of Fresno, twenty-four miles, is Reedley. Six years ago we visited the town, and then no members were here. May 10, 1905, the Reedley church was organized with ten members. Now they have a large and prosperous congregation of one hundred and twenty-five members, a live Sunday school, with an average attendance of one hundred and seventeen, and a wide-awake Christian Workers' meeting. A large churchhouse affords accommodations for the services, but it is

already becoming too small for the growing congregations, and plans are being thought of for enlarging the house. Since the organization of the church twenty-five have been added by baptism. Brother D. L. Forney, who spent a number of years in the India Mission, is elder in charge, assisted by an efficient corps of ministers and deacons. Brother Forney often finds himself longing for India. Reedley is in the midst of the raisin and fruit industry. Unimproved land sells at from $50 to $100 an acre, while land planted in fruit trees and vines brings from $150 to $500 per acre.

Reedley

A hundred miles north of Fresno, we reached the little city of Modesto, where our brother, Levi Winklebleck, has his home. He came here several months ago, and is well pleased with the country. Years ago we used to visit his home in Hartford City, Indiana, and were glad to meet with this kind Christian family again. Brother Winklebleck took us east of Modesto five miles, to Empire where several families of our Brethren have recently settled, and more are to come. Elder J. W. Dierdorff, of North Dakota, has located about a half mile from the proposed townsite of Empire, and has put up, for temporary use, a regulation North Dakota shack, which will serve them until they build their house. Brother Dietrich is living in a similar residence near by. These brethren we found busy planting trees, and get-

ting their homes ready for permanent occupancy. These, who have recently come, added to the old members of the Stanislaus church, increase the number to fifteen. At an early date the church will be reorganized, and steps will be taken toward securing a house of worship.

The country about Modesto has been settled up for many years and one sees many evidences of prosperity. Until within the last few years, the land was about all sown to wheat, but now the large wheat ranches are being subdivided and sold in small tracts at $125 per acre. So far as we could observe, there is a good deal of similarity in the soil in the different parts of the valley. At some places there is more sand than at others. Some of the soil is darker and heavier, and is said to be richer than the lighter soils. One can find a difference in the same locality.

Modesto

It would now seem that not many years hence many congregations of the Church of the Brethren will be dotted over this great valley. There appears to be promise of temporal prosperity, and we express the earnest desire that far greater will be the spiritual prosperity, for the temporal perishes with the using, but the spiritual endureth forever. It is not the seen but the unseen that is eternal. Money, some one has said, is an article that will serve as a pass to anywhere but heaven, a commodity that will produce anything except human happiness.

The Los Angeles Limited on Lane Cut-off, near Omaha, Neb

MISSIONARY WORK

BY

COLONIZATION

The winter so pleasantly, and, we trust, profitably spent in California, passed all too quickly and we were on our homeward way. We took the Southern Route, taking in the cities of Yuma, El Paso, San Antonio (the largest city of Texas, noted for the massacre of Americans by the Mexican troops under Santa Ana, in the old Mission fortress, known as the Alamo, which led immediately to the Mexican war), Houston, and the great southern city of New Orleans. Starting at Benson, Arizona, the Harriman Lines have just finished a new railway south into Mexico, reaching the Gulf at Mazatlan. It is said that this line opens up the most salubrious and fertile states of our sister republic. It will be worth while to look into the opportunities offered in this newly-opened country, for missionary work by colonization.

Southern Route

To us the tour through the extreme Southern States was full of interest. The large plantation houses, around which are grouped the typical negro cabins, built of logs hewn on two sides,

with chimneys standing against the outside of the huts, constructed of small cuts of wood daubed with mud, are in evidence at many places, and brought forcibly to mind our boyhood days spent in the South. The farmers were busy finishing planting cotton, sugar cane, rice and corn. The early plantings showed in bright green rows across the large fields, and the negroes were hard at work "hoein' de cotton and de co'n."

Four Coast States

But it was not our purpose to write about the home-coming—the best part of any journey is the home-coming, and it will be the best of life's journey—but of *the remarkable growth of the Church of the Brethren in the four Coast States, California, Washington, Oregon and Idaho. It is probable that there are today more members of the church in these states than our entire number a hundred years ago.*

Just Twenty Years Ago

Twenty years ago, when we visited California for the first time, there was but one active church in the State—that at Covina—and they were then building the first church house in southern California. There was then not a Brethren's Sunday school in the State. In those days Washington and Idaho had no churches of the Brethren. In Oregon, there were six organized churches, with a small membership. Ten years later the half dozen congregations on the Pacific Slope had grown to twenty-three active, working churches and so vigorously was the work of planting churches

Membership Thousands

carried forward that ten years later, bringing us to the present time, *there are three State Districts and fifty-three organized, working congregations of the Church of the Brethren on the Coast, with a membership to be counted by thousands instead of by scores, as was the case twenty years ago.* Should the present rate of increase be maintained for the next decade, we shall have more than a hundred strong, active churches on the Coast, and one may look forward to a time, not many years hence, when the strength of the church will be largely in the West.

It will bear repeating here that twenty years ago there was not a member of the church in North Dakota, so far as the writer knows, and now there are more than a score of churches in that State, with a membership approaching the two thousand mark, and one of the most active and aggressive State Districts in the Brotherhood.

Colonization in Dakota

These results have been accomplished largely by emigration and colonization. It must be confessed that our people have, as a rule, shown marked wisdom in the selection of localities in which to colonize and that, for the most part, they have been signally successful in their new homes. They have not, clannishly, all settled at one place but are distributed all over the states named. In this way they formed nuclei for the building of churches and perfecting organizations. Then they began preaching, and soon numbers were

baptized. In one of the State Districts, named above, more members were received into church relationship by baptism, in one year, than were received in two of our State Districts in the Middle West.

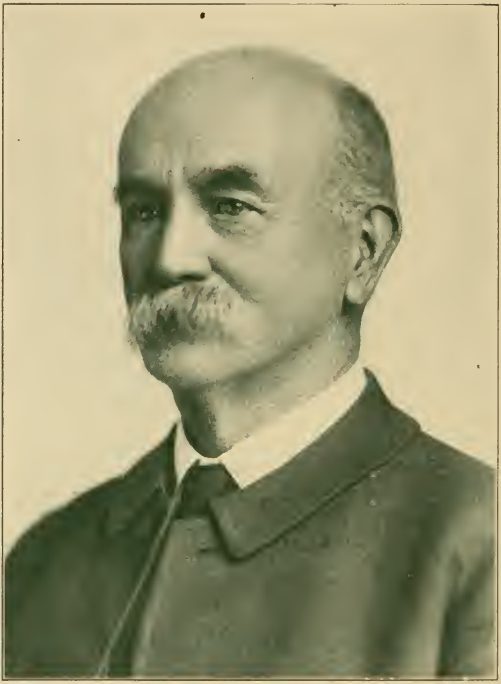
An Empire to Conquer

There is an empire on the Coast, to conquer for Christ and the church, and, given another score of years, who will be able to foretell what the rich valleys, the alluvial plains and the irrigated districts of the Pacific Coast will show for primitive Christianity? The men who have gone, and are going, are for the most part in the prime of life. They are active and energetic, they do not belong to the class that sit down and wait for something to turn up. They are occupying and urging the occupation of heretofore unoccupied territory, and are aggressively at work. Under the blessing of God they have accomplished great things, and are expecting great things of the Lord.

New England Next

As we write, comes the word that eastern Pennsylvania is sending a committee to spy out the land in the Northeastern States. If Pennsylvania will go over to Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and others of these states, and locate colonies of our Brethren who are willing to do mission work in this way, it will not be many years hence when we shall have churches in all the New England States. You are moving in the right line, Brethren. God bless you in this great work! It will help others and help you.

Let some of our good eastern Pennsylvania farmers go over and help those who are calling for just such help as they can give, both spiritually and temporally. And may the church, both east and west, stand united on the principles of the Gospel of Christ, so that the great work may run and not be hindered.



Geo. L. McDonough

GEORGE L. McDONAUGH

George L. McDonaugh has been doing mission work by colonization almost exclusively since 1882. From that date until 1896, he was colonizing territory tributary to the Santa Fe. During the next three years, his labors were in the northern part of the United States, in territory adjacent to the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific. From that until 1901, he did not travel as much as usual, working locally on the Pacific Coast from his home in Los Angeles.

His Work

During this period he was often urged by Elder Miller and others of his friends to take to the road again, and enlarge his usefulness by covering a larger territory and meeting the thousands with whom he was acquainted. In the East, where the Brethren are numerous, he was well and favorably known to many hundreds of them; in the great West, where millions of acres of undeveloped territory were awaiting the tenant, he was thoroughly familiar; for while he spent many years in the employ of the United States government prior to 1882, he had slept rolled up in his blankets under the open canopy, upon the soil of every territory of the United States save two—Dakota and Montana.

His Acquaintance

His Experience

His Friends

While in the employ of the federal government, he became the intimate friend of Senator John A. Logan, of Illinois; Senator Daniel Voorhees, of Indiana, and Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, and therefore was well and favorably known at the capitol at Washington.

His Motto

With these acquaintances in the East, his personal knowledge of the West, and the inspiration of his favorite motto, "My Father Planned it All," a kindly Providence has led him on to great successes in his work with, perhaps, a very few mistakes as a colonizer. Elder Miller has been for many years closely associated with Brother McDonaugh in many ways, and it may be that this close friendship and a thorough knowledge of methods of work gives some cause for the caution in the moral of his well written article on another page in reference to his work.

His Mission

Since 1901 he has been colonizing the territory of the Union Pacific and the affiliated lines, as shown in the tabulated list of churches furnished by the General Secretary and Treasurer of the General Missionary and Tract Committee found on another page. At the close of the conference at Harrisonburg, Brother McDonaugh took the first car load of Brethren as colonists to the Pacific Coast,

JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO

INFORMATION

Concerning fares and routes will be furnished gladly by any Union Pacific representative specified below:

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Just Twenty Years Ago

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